

# Free Beer Press

BETTER JOURNALISM THROUGH CHEMISTRY.

GENE GENIE

BONELESS HAMS  
Give You A Choice!

GENE PITNEY LIVES!

November 5/Grand Circus Theatre/Toupees Optional

★ #6 ★ ★ ★ 1984 ★ ★

ABLE BODIES/CRAZY 8'S/NEW YEARS EVE!

I tell ya, I expected a really weird crowd here, and I don't mean mohawks, transvestites, or Lionell Ritchie fans. I mean suits and ties, double chins and over-hangs and blue haired ladies with too much war paint. And we got em, except THERE WAS HARDLY ANYONE THERE. But hey, it's their loss, right? Course, I been a fan since way back and I know shit from shit. Sure, he was a little too Las Vegas and I swear that grey thing on top of his head was a wig, but hey, THE VOICE was still there. One octave lower, maybe, but who's counting? Hey, not me, I don't know how! I just know that during 'True Love Never Runs Smooth,' 'Backstage,' and 'Looking Thru the Eyes of Love' I was goose-pimpled and clutching. (Did you know he wrote 'Hello Mary Lou' AND 'He's A Rebel?') He even did 'Heartbreaker' (a loser on record) and brought down the house. Just one suggestion, Geney; you got a million records, thus a zillion songs to choose from, so trash that Mexican/Italian mung and do some under-exposed classics like 'House Without Windows,' '24 Sycamore,' or '1,2,3,4,5,6,7, (Count The Days).' And don't forget 'I Can't Run Away!' My copy is beat to hell! But I can't bitch really; on the way to the show I said I just hoped he'd do 'Angelique' if nothing else. Well he did it, second song, and it was perfect. Watta cool guy.

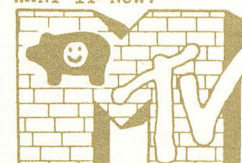
GREETINGS FROM DETOX

a cry for help  
by Cherry Magdeline

My Christmas sucked. How was yours? Anybody get the 30 cases of wine I begged for and never got? I must've rubbed up against a dozen Santa dicks making known my yuletide yen. So where's my wine?

Every one of those red-suited twits held me, and bounced me, and asked me if I'd been good. "I've been good," I whispered while tonguing their waxy ears and wiggling my crack over their St. Nick dicks, "but for you I'll be better."

Every one of the fat fucks promised me I'd get my wine. They promised! SO WHERE IS IT? IS SANTA CLAUS A LIAR? (and don't tell me the reindeer got thirsty) SOMEBODY'S GOT MY WINE, AND I WANT IT NOW.



I found the slim portfolio slipped beneath the door of my hide-out one wintry eve. Plain brown envelope stamped "TOP SECRET". I spilled myself a tall tumbler of mineral water & wondered what adventure lay before me.

Ripping open the seal & pulling out the contents: 5"x5" glossy photos of Nina Blackwood, Alan Hunter, Martha Quinn, et al. The cover letter begins, "You'r mission, should you...," My eyes blur momentarily, old bruises from inside my cranium sting like forgotten war wounds. Memories of my public exorcism of the demons at WDR earlier this year re-occur like a gargoye marching from Hell... Fuck the mineral water- I put the tea pot on "High".

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NOTICE TO ALL BANDS: SEND THOSE BASEMENT TAPES IN FOR

BIG ROUND-UP NEXT ISH.

Sho-Pink!



STRANGE FRUIT? BEAT  
IT, FOOL!

MINUTEMEN- Absolute must-haves for schizoantics & an... where was I? KILLER RUSS- "Pillido Desire". Try this on for size. Me, I gotta thing for my hand. TEENA WARE- "Playboy" Subway funk for suburban mables. Bring yer token. DEBRA ALLEN- "Baby I Lied". Okay, just don't do it again. ISM- "Auto Theft In New York City". Come on, we parked over there'. 'No, man, we parked over there'. 'Yer both crazy, we parked right here.' 'No no, I'm sure we parked over there'. 'No, we parked over... the entrance fee but great if you can tape it off someone else. (or is that illegal?) GEORGE JONES- "Wino The Clown". More sad beauty from the man who knows it best. And it's NOT about Pig Boy. JOY DIVISION- "Decades". Their loveliest tune, Ian's most heart felt performance. (But then I haven't heard "Atmospheres") Stunning. VOID- "Pain". Top notch H/C from D.C. Manic assault that staps on a dime. BLIGHT- Guaranteed to peel paint off walls & woxey buildup from floors & ears. Causes testicle enlargement. Why wait? NEWS- "99 Red Ballons". No one I know likes this void little white song about some wimp topic like war or sunnin. But I like it & dats dat. STOP THE WAR! STOP THE DRAFT! (Close the window, silly- the beers gettin cold).

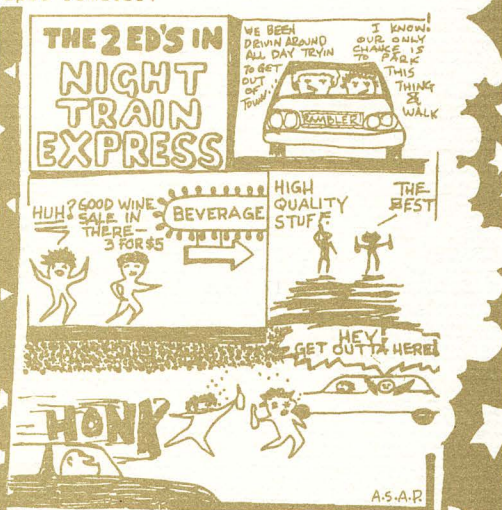
Ah yes, twas a wild night indeed, and it was more then just the cheap beer and abundance of new-wave female types. First the bar was cool enuff to pass out free party hats, horns, and hawaiian lays, which everyone actually wore. I mean, imagin a room fulla Zippy Pinheads slugging suds and dancing as only rythumless white people. Watta riot! Course the horns were the true stars, and by night's end the place was a veritable sea of rooty-toot-toots. Sound obnoxious? Hey, wait'll you hear the band!

Able Bodies, the 'Zoo's no.1 ragg/rock combo, were, as usual, excellant (unless yer easily bored or have something against over-ernest singers in pink bell-bottoms) at what they do. James (007) Gard sang great. J. Triplet (back for one night only!) was explosive, and the bassman senselessly destroyed large cities. Too bad about that flute player though. Musta got him on a package deal.

During the first band break someone did the unprecedented: (are you sitting down?) a real live BELLY DANCER. Right there on the dancefloor! Her name was Morgiana and believe me, it was one hell of a belly. The kind ya lose sleep (or in some cases, 40 dollars a half hour) over. Her grace and fluid designs (and her bomb boobs) made me realize that this kinda dancing is a dying octopi and should be nurtured whenever possible. Art is its own reward.

(At this point there were the usual wild calisthenics in the parking lot. I still wonder at their significance)

Sometime later (don't ask 'what' time later) the Leopards, 3 women in shades and leopard p.j.'s, joined the band for a rousing medley of Motown hits. And though they weren't as 'dripping with sex' as I'd been led to believe, they were lotsa fun. (Me like) Now, I don't have no names or specs on these goils but I will say that the shiney one on the right was my personal fave (woo woo!) Now wheres that spot remover?



Free Beer Hit List



Howdy, pilgrims! Hope things have been swingin for you, cuz (gabba gabba) I have been on a 3 month roll! Like dig, went to Ann Arbor(e) and got thrown out of a bar before I even ordered my first drink. And I wasn't even drunk! I mean, does that town rock or what? Then there was the suit-case bar my pop gave me for Christmas. Unfortunately he left it up to me to stock the damn thing (which is like saving a six-pack until tomorrow). He's no fool.

And, of course, the records. Here's some.



**Seriously Speaking**  
-Dr. D

LUCY CONTEMPLATES THE

CHIA PET.

**KILLER PUSSY: BIKINI WAX**, Yee ha! Its finally OUT! K.P.'s first full-length lingerie section! The aurel equivalent of sniffing used panty-liners, these chirping dickheads inspire not only the licking of dirty bra-strings but also the nibbling of tiny tittie eggrolls. Oh Lucy, Lucy, I clutch the whole of my holiness (my ding dong) and pledge my undying devotion and entire 'Hitchhiking Bitches' collection to only YOU. Sure, the sleaziness is a bit too calculated this time but my hormonal hot-plate knows no pride. Whenever I hear the opener, 'Pocket Pool,' I can't help but cue up! And 'Dildo Desire?' My god, Lucy! I mean, to hell with 'Debbie Does Dallas!' When you coo 'my substitute for MEAT,' well its standing room only in these trowsies! And that song about shavin yer pubes? Please, allow me. (I'm hot with a Lady Schick!) And that crotch-less band of chicken-chokers behind you are real nipple-hardeners, particularly the keyboard kid. Sounds like he eats lotsa oysters, to me! Am I making sense? Gosh, I sure hope not. Just buy this record. Get some whore-hoops. AND WIPE THAT STUFF OFF YER STOMACH!

**MINUTE MEN: BUZZ OR HOWL UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF HEAT**, Okay, so I kicked pup-pys. A few ishes ago I panned these fat-heads, some shit about them being an 'art band for the 80's.' What? Hey, don't ask me! I laugh at tornados! The twof is I LOVE THESE GUYS. They got this jagged, glass-chainsaw sound. Giant tinsel guitars, a thunky bass that thrash-dances with hot black & tan jazzbo drums. Jazz-bo? Fuck it, I hate health food. (Can I get a Yumbo?) Okay, so these goons have the wierdest guitar on record (least in my collec) and they write GREAT SONGS, 'Cut,' 'Self-Referenced,' and in partic, 'Little Man With A Gun In His Hand,' just to name a few. Hey, this is a band ANYONE could love so if ya got any pre-convened notions, trash em. I mean, I could be goin crazy but these guys could very well be the best. The best 'what?' Don't be greedy.

**ISM: A DIET FOR THE WORMS**, Now, if yer a squeamish bitch (male or female) then stay away from this burn-victim. The music? No man, the COVER. I mean, its got a real live new-born baby comin out of a real live, uh, um--vagina. (What a horrible word! Almost as bad as 'penis.' Gimme 'twat' or 'kelbossa' anyday) Its all gooeey and CLOSE-UP and its even got that elliptical cord wrappin around. (String-cheeze, anyone?) I mean, I like it. (As does Barry Hensler, the Worms bein his favorite band an all. Hi, Bear!) But what about the music, you ask? Pretty demand-ing, aint cha? Okay, okay, so its hard, fast, and over-produced. And over-done. Like, the lyrics are the usual (homophobic, right-wing) hardcore drivell, although alot funnier, which is a-ok with this dead boy. But then theres all these 'pops' and 'squeaks' and even some really tasteful COCKTAIL PIANO. And big-band piano. And

mariachie piano, fer christsakes! And the whole thing is so damn clean. I mean, these guys want it both ways, which is great, but its got to work. And does it? Yeah, I guess it does. I just don't trust em. Vagina or no vagina.

#### MICHIGAN, MY MICHIGAN by Fido

My turd cousin came all the way from Buttfuck, Oklahomo to visit me. I hated every minute of it, because she had a one-track mouth.

"Leon Russell's from Tulsa!" she announced to everyone she met.

"Groovey," they'd say politely until she'd turn her back and then they'd either fake wretching or flip her the middle finger.

Needless to say, I got real sick of it real fast. "Hey, you sound like a tape loop," I told her, "Shut-up and let me tell you who's from Michigan: For starters, practically everybody at Motown; like Smokey Robinson, Diana Ross, Marvin Gaye, Tammi Terrell, Mary Wells, Junior Walker..."

"But they're negroes!!!" she wailed.

Christ. Instead of slapping her I gave her more names.

"Okay, you bigot, how about Del Shannon, Tommy James and the Shondells, the MC5, Grand Funk, Mitch Ryder and the Detroit Wheels, Iggy Pop, Alice Cooper, Pete Seeger (maybe I'm confusing him with his brother Bob), Faith Pillow, the Romantics, Lena Lovich, Scooter & the Worms, Violent Apathy, Negative Approach, Destroy All Monsters, Up..."

"Up?"  
"Yeah, Up. They were basically a bunch of peace-nik hippies, but Dr. D said they blew his shit away."

Her silence was her bow to defeat. Her only recourse was to leave town. As I jammed her back into her rectalational vehicle she asked,

"Isn't Ted Nugent from Michigan too?"

"No," I assured her, "thats just a sick rumor."

#### MY WEEKLY READER

**TOWN WITHOUT PITY**- An excellent mag with some music news & reviews & lots of terrific fiction that should be required reading for people of all walks of life. Don't leave town without it! 3210 Westmont, Lansing, MI. 48906

**THE BAG**- From Portage: the land of lamns. This comes like spit in the face from the bar stool next to ya. It's laid out like brains splattered on the sidewalk. (Did someone say "noise puzzle"? It's stupid, sexist, & it's all about fat people whistling in the dark. In other words it's strickly boffo. Everything you'll ever need to know about music & dead brain cells. Fade away... & radiate.

5609 Oakland Dr. Portage, MI. 49002  
**DEPRESSION**- (Free To The Unemployed!!) A sign of the times from Bill Board (yippie! he har!) Dis guy makes an adventure outta the English language HYAR HUCK! & it's a phot-zine!! YABBA DABBA! YABBA BAR BE DAR! 909 Upton Ave., Springfield, MI. 49015

**END OF TIMES**- Editor Craig is long on sincerity & honest concern- & should be given high marks for that. But I won't. I think he is missing the point. R&R-H/C, offers more than just an outlet for social/political comment. Fun & escapism still count for a lot & to lose those qualities to some kind of new totalitarian ideals is to sell the music short. The idea here is to THINK- being "correct" does not necessarily promote that & to say that it does is an oversimplification of mass psychology. Vivé la diffrance! Ce la vie & uh... ca sara, sara. He's long on vapid polemics & I can't stand the word processor lay-out. It's like read-

ing a grainy TV screen through a snow storm. An excellent effort- came again. 3870 Cam-elot Dr., S.E. Grand Rapids, MI. 49506

**RED ALERT**- Heavy metal up against yo face. Interviews with Twisted Sister, Virgin Steele, & Rose Tatto. HEY YOU! Talk to me!!

A little comment never hurt the fweeo, vano?

603 E. Woodlawn, Hastings, MI. 49058  
**SICK TEEN**- Great stuff from the West Coast (of Lake Mich.) Pure sex. Absolute garbage that should straighten out any lost kid. Lottsa music. ESCAPE TO WISCONSIN! (Ask for Norb.) 708 St. Joseph St., Green Bay, WISCO. 54301

**A2 REVIEW**- Spastic mag. from Yasilanti or Saline or somewhere. Pre-adolescent ramblings. Worth a read once for the experience. (NO ADDRESS.)

#### THE TAILS OF DICK ACTION VOL 3 Altruistic Pervert Meats Maker

Well jesus-its me, Dick. Like I came back to Kalamazoo for a little visit and REALLY gave the steel 'P' a workout. Theres this hairdresser...aw, never mind. So like I was saying, I haven't gotten this much action since that time I went over to the Outriders house (on butyl nitrate) and let every one of those tattooed slob bang me. Anywhere--any portal. Yeah, well thats another story (when I was a girl). So anyways I was just pullin out of the 'Zoo and headin down 131 when I decided ta pull in at the D Ave stop and check out the action. I been hearin alot about the 3rd stall from the door--some dude with no uppers or lowers that gives some of the best head east of the Mississippi. I straightened my shirt and sauntered in--yeah, I was ready for this--to stall #2. Pinto responded to my touch as I unbound him for action. Then --just as I'd heard--I get the universal rest-area Hi sign. Responding in kind I threaded Mr. P. through the 5" hole drilled between the divider (not an easy task!) M-M-M-Mercy--the feel of those smooth, warm, moist gums pistonong up and down got me off HARD! It was the best bob I'd ever gotten and it took only seconds before my juices of love were ready to spew forth. Jesus Christ, I thought my tricot mesh was gonna pop! Whoever this dude was, I wanted to do unto him in kind. Huskily I said 'OH BABY, YOU'RE SO GOOD--prepare to receive thy communion and slip it on through!' As he stuffed the sausage through I noticed some yellowish smegma around the head. Well I like a good taste of the ol' smeg once in a while so I got down on it (and hey, they do plump when I cook em). So anyway, this dude shot a wad somethin fierce (which I hastily gobbled) and said 'OH YEAH, once more and SLOWER!' The horrible truth dawned on me then--I recognized that voice. Oh jesus! 'DAD!' I said 'I shoulda known you'd be the best!'

#### (CONT. FROM Pg. 1)

Later, Dick

Another trip into social depravity in search of truth, knowledge, & yes, again, the perfect beat. Lesser men would retreat into submission at the Green Top but I hear my calling & vow to go into rigorous training.... tamarow. But for now I will flirt with decadence & exercise my undeniable right to kill tiny brain cells one by one... at the ... Green Top.

Like all good young Spartacists & just plain poor folk, I have no TV. This could be an obstacle. My dear old buddy, Guisenpe, & his lovely girlfriend Nichole will be going to Chicago on "business" this weekend & she does have a TV with all the extra add-ons, etc. Ideas form, wheels turn, somewhere a baby farts. I call "Guido".

I don't suppose there is any need to go into details of this "24 Hour Exploding Video Network" (In Stereo!) Rich white musicians on major labels playing predictable music for the suburban masses & other "upscale" markets. What we have here are commercials that are euphemistically called "videos". As my favorite pop philosopher, Johnny Carson, said recently, "Commercials are the barometers of culture". What hath God wrought?

Several days later I'm over at Nichole's house. Guido mixes talr glasses with many liqours & grins wildly. Nichole makes a few dozen last minute phone calls & touches up



her makeup, I pace the TV room nervously - 24 hours of growling viewing await me. I have brought supplies for the ordeal: 8 quarts of Hamm's, 4 jars of Greek olives, 3 pens, 2 tuna sandwiches, a partridge & a bunch of paper...

Nichole & Guido load their bags into the taxi & wave good by, I turn on the TV & synchronize my watch. My hands doth quiver with anticipation.

U2: Sure, Me... too? These wind up bleeding hearts are playing "Sunday Bloody Sunday" with a white flag & burning patio torches & a cast of thousands & I say send 'em back to Ireland & bring back the great potato famine. BILLY JOEL - Who cares what he's singing about. He's live & on stage & flopping around like a cod fish (out of water) gasping for breath. Who said you can't shoot piano players? (Hey- isn't anybody gonna give this guy credit for doing a great take-off on the 4 Seasons with "Uptown Girl"? ...No?...o.k.)

MARTHA QUINN - Here's the real star of the show. This perky lil bright eyed pop tart of all-o-my wet dreams. She's never soiled & never a hint of demon alcohol on her fawn-like breath. I like my women slender & sober.

WAYSTED - "Love Loaded". Don't cha just hate bands with those cutesy spellings? Real cock rock here, the guys hold their guitars like phallic symbols (read: penis). Lots of leather, spandex, chicks in all stages of undress, a bleached blonde singer. Camon, man, we can't all be as cool as Sting (read: pretentious twit).

TOTO - "Rosanna". Nope, no punk rock here. Jeff Porcaro & gang serve up more bile studio muzak & chase a vixen maven around some Hollywood props. See girl run. Run girl run. Hey guys- DON'T LET YER MEAT LOAF!

RAYMONS - "Time Has Come Today". One has to wonder if Joey has changed his pants since 1977. Looks like the same knee showing through the same hole to me. Singing from a church altar, he leads the masses into a fascist sing along. The offering plate is passed, the Chambers Brothers get their cut- JOHNNY! Watch out for that bottle! Damn... Shoulda ducked.

VAN HALEN - "Jump". As much as I like these testosterone poisoned lads, this new song "Jump" is strictly blow time. Stupid & dumb are good words to sum up this stupid & dumb throw away. The whole video focuses on lead beef cake David Lee Cronin & moan-in. I'd say "Joke" would be a more apropro title. (Anybody else notice how Eddie Van H. looks just like Valeri Bertinelli?)

RING! RING!... Damn- my grand pappy didn't need a phone, do I? RING! RING!...Hullo?... Mmm, Doctor. (It's Dr. D.) How are you... You WHAT? Calm down... Yes I can hear you. You think you have AIDS? I'm sorry to hear that... Yes, I know you're very good about asking first before... Yes... Well do you wipe the seat off on public stools before sitting down (hee hee)... No- I'm not joking I'm trying to be helpful... Hey- well maybe it's just a skin irritation... WHAT!? The head fell off?... No, I can only imagine... NO- NO- You know me; I'd never mention this to anyone... Of course not... NO!-NO; Don't come over: I'll call you... Yes, soon... Not today... No, I'm busy watching TV... Yes- Yes- We'd miss you at the mag if anything happened to ya... Well, it'd be hard but we'd carry on (!!) Hey, try to lay off the phone- I'm trying to do some wrtitten over here, o.k.?... Heck yeah I feel bad about it... Sure, thank for calling...

JOHN COUGAR (CAT) MELLENCAMP - "Pink Houses" Oh Hun, I know he's sposed to be a populist rocker & I like that notion & I like the buffalos & other assorted Americana featured in this lil song about "The home of the free" with cheerleaders 'n all. Now just what does "populist" mean & where the heck is Indiana?

THE POLICE - "Wrapped Around Your Finger". Poor ol' Sting sings like he's got a dildo stuffed down his throat. He prances & poses between 2 billion flickering candles & tries to act like he's singing lyrics with social portent. That guy from that other band, Joe Strummer says, "We don't play white reggae. We play punk & reggae. There's a difference. There's a difference between ripping off an-

other culture & bringing some of our culture to another culture". You hear that, Sting? EDDIE GRANT - "Electric Avenue". It's like Guido, the guru of hair stylists said when he first sighted Eddie's dreadlocks, "You know how they get their hair to look like that? They use a shampoo that makes fungi out of protein". O.K. Everybody not that clear? PAT BENETAR comes on for 10 seconds to remind us that we are watching MTV. Thanx, but where is Indiana?

THE CLASH - "Should I Stay Or Should I Go?" Oh, heck, I dunno Joe. If you leave don't forget yer sunglasses. Learned rock crit D. Bowser says true punks like early Clash but don't go for the new stuff. Where's my garni bag?

HALL & OATES - "Say It Isn't So". O.K. - It isn't so that these guys are soul brothers from Philly. It isn't so that their guitars are merely props. It isn't so that they

can't dance. It isn't so that Hall's mustache looks like a strap-on... Good song though...

QUIET RIOT - "Cum On Feel The Noise". More cock rock. The lead singer has grossly receding hippy hair & doxed-out eyes, the guitar player has a dyed shag, the bass player has layered hippy hair. The drummer is wearing a wig.

THE PLIMSOUHS - "A Million Miles Away". Some thing new here for me. The band looks like normal American farmers! Straight ahead power pop played next to a swimming pool... Must have been a boring party.

CINDY LAUPER - "Girls Just Wanna Have Fun". What a whacky chick! Lots of pink. Lots of girls! Geez this is really good!! Whatta squeaky voice- what cool sun glasses. Sequines & lime green panties! Red hair- a dancing frenzy!! Cindy smacks & slaps every man in sight. Womens lib & sex- this is my kind of fun. Hit ME bitch!!

J.J. JACKSON comes on with his giant show. "Alice Cooper is 36 years old today. Lover-boy news. New Dan Fogelberg album. Left handed bass for Paul. All the news ya never wanted. Think I'll go outside & play in the snow for awhile.

BOB SEGER - "Old Time Rock & Roll". Bob should not make videos. He looks like a bovine on depro-provera. But no, he's just a white man singing songs for bowling alleys. NENA - "99 Red Balloons". I really enjoy hearing foreigners struggle with the English language. This lead singer is infatuated. She sings in a broken German voice that is absolutely gorgeous. She's demure & coy & honest & when she says "super high tech jet fighter" I know its love. The band looks cool in a non-poser sort of way. Real people playing dremy dance music. "99 red balloons/ I let it go & think of you". Me, too.

U2 - "Two Hearts Beat As One". The chops are Paris playing on a tenement roof top. Little children do cartwheels in cobbled alleys. A Joker does acrobatics, spins a top, walks a tight rope. A drunk wretches in a flower box. Bono & The Edge; Sonny & Cher. An over sized winter coat with a fur collar. "I can't stop to dance". Color fades to black & white. Cut. J.J. JACKSON comes on & fills up the screen & teits us about Michael Jackson's "condition". He may sue the commercials producers. He's at home recuperating with Brooke Shields. Commercials producers have no comment- wish him to get well. Enraged, I scream at the TV- "Where's Michael's hair!?" J.J. shuts my face up by playing a Eurythmics video. "I want a new e-motion". Yeah, well I want a hair piece for Annie's skinny head.

YES - "Owner Of A Lonely Heart". YES I hate Yes. Yes this is a sleeping elephant song. Yes another man is dragged off the street into torture. Yes he's innocent. Yes it's an award winning video. Yes I hate yes men.

BETTE MIDLER - "Beast Of Burden". "Bette & Mick!" "Bette Dumps Sheik For Mick!" "Mick Dumps Everyone For Bette!" O.K., but who gets the girl?

TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS - "You Got Lucky". Tom boy shows up in a brand new space ship. The rest of the band arrives on a motorcycle & side car. Talk about equal opportunity! Tan got lucky & found his guitar. I got sleepy & took a nap.

THE PRETENDERS - "Middle Of The Road". I didn't like 'em when they first came out

'cause they seemed like clever new wavers. But now I do & they make no bones about it. I mean look at the name of this song, "M.O.R." Cool? Yep. & when Chrissy breaks into her kitty growl/harmonica Jan the party starts. & dancers get injured. Duck & cover. STEVIE NICKS - "Stand Back". This chessey slut stumbles & fumbles herself all over the stage in a most ungainly fashion. When she warbles "Just gimme a lil sympathy" my stomach turns. I bet this coked out wench doesn't even put her own TV dinner in the microwave. Gypsy my ass.

JOHN LENNON - "Nobody Told Me". As those side-kicks over at that OTHER magazine said last year "Who Needs The Beatles?" John & Yoko drink coffee, swat flies, & wave at the camera. This song reminds me of bouncing antelopes on the high sierra. But anyone who sings a line like "Most peculiar Mania" ought to be - OOPS! To late.

CULTURE CLUB - "Do You Really Want To Hurt Me?" Boy Oh Boy George: My favorite insect! "If it's love you want from me/ Then take it away." (Lots of echo). A song about swimming in space. George: Check you'r mascara. "Do you really want to make me cry?" No, but yer eyebrow is smudged, man.

MICHAEL JACKSON - "Billy Jean". Yup. He is the prince of rock videos. Great Imagery. Lots of hair spray. Yes he did have a nose job- No the kid wasn't his. Now shut up & dance.

(Where the funk are all the Black people on MTV? Ever wonder why ya never see The Bad Brains on here? Hurph.)

THE MOTELS - "Remember The Night". Who are The Motels & what do they want with me? Is this new wave or what? I am confused. Martha Davis is serious. The horns are static. The song is catchy, I'm going to make a snack. Can I say that?

MTV THEME SONG - Duh, Duh Duh, Duh Duh Da Da- (repeat twice). Crunching guitars, a pounding drum beat that levels villages, cities, the Iron Curtain. This is the kind of stuff this country was made of. Makes me proud to be an American.

BONNIE TYLER - "Total Eclipse Of The Heart". This whacked out old crow tries to seduce ya with some whinnying & shouting. Shoozy creep. Anthemic organ build-up & huge dinosaur killer drums lead up to more moaning & croaking. I do like that one line about "Bright Eyes". I WILL name my first born girl "Bright Eyes". But for now, it's only love in the dark.

ROD STEWART - "Baby Jane". ROD! GO MAN! GO! This is yer best song in years. Keep you'r tongue in yer mouth. Super stupid beat. Man is he ugly! GO GET 'EM ROD!! (Where's Britt? Better call home.)

(Mick Jagger comes on & tells us that making a video is always a challenge. Thank Heaven for small favors. Thank YOU.)

TAXI - "I'm Leaving". No thanx. I'll take a cab. AC/DC - "Put The Finger On You". ANGUS Young? Did somebody say "bovine"? These creeps from Australia can sure rock with volume & sustain. Noise with vengeance. KICK ASS!! ROCK & ROLL!! (Angus, don't let yer shorts fall down!)

THE RUBINOOS - "If I Had You Back". Mr. Potato Head. Poika Dots. Foam dice on rear view mirrors. GASP. I can't take it-OZZIE! HARRIET! Let my people go! AAA HHH!!

BILLY IDOL - "Rebel Yell". Shit. This is just idol worship! A dick with a microphone. An unsmiling blonde hussey with an ego the size of my... Get a job! Wheres Gen. X? Check beneath Billy Idol's floorboards. Get a hair cut! DIE, BILLY, DIE.

SPANDAU BALLET - "True". I prefer to call them "Spam Doll Ballet". Anybody who's got the jism to stand up & sing "you'r indestructable" with rabid conviction oughta be hit about the face & head with a rubber blow up doll... Now get down on yer knees doggy fashion & bark! Mama's lil angel! 1. plays pocket pool 2. is a pleasure pet 3. all of the above.

I DON'T - "Feel So Well". I think the stress tabs aren't working no more. I've wasted 24 hours watching this mung & the lawn still needs mowing- the drive still needs shoveling. 24 hours of wasted nothingness. I WANT MY MAYPO!! I WANNA BE A BEATLE!! THE SKY IS FALLING!! MISSION ABORTED-- MISSION ABORTED--

SPECIAL THANK TO

(fill in the blank) with extra vengeance thrown in for good measure. Recorded 2 years ago, it's just now been released in time for Spring graduation parties. They are said to be re-grouping.... hmmm.... Buy the record & keep you'r ear to the ground.

BLIGHT - A couple of ex-Fix members, a Mediaman, & some loud-mouthed character named Tesco get together & carve music outta a passing comet. Intense & grating- it could be a cross between Flipper & ONE SHALL REVIEW!

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